



THE MANUAL

#### NOTICE

ELECTRONIC ARTS RESERVES THE RIGHT TO MAKE IMPROVE-  
MENTS IN THE PRODUCT DESCRIBED IN THIS MANUAL AT ANY  
TIME AND WITHOUT NOTICE.

THIS MANUAL IS COPYRIGHTED. ALL RIGHTS ARE RESERVED. NO  
PART OF THIS MANUAL MAY BE COPIED, REPRODUCED, TRANSLATED  
OR REDUCED TO ANY ELECTRONIC MEANS OR ANY OTHER  
READABLE FORM WITHOUT THE PRIOR WRITTEN CONSENT OF  
ELECTRONIC ARTS, 1711 CAMPUS DRIVE, SAN RAFAEL,  
CALIFORNIA 94903.

ELECTRONIC ARTS MAKES NO WARRANTY, REPRESENTATION  
IMPLIED WITH RESPECT TO THIS MANUAL OR WITH RESPECT TO  
THE SOFTWARE DESCRIBED IN THIS MANUAL, ITS QUALITY,  
PERFORMANCE, MERCHANTABILITY OR FITNESS FOR ANY PAR-  
TICULAR PURPOSE. THE PROGRAMS ARE PROVIDED "AS IS."  
ELECTRONIC ARTS MAKES CERTAIN LIMITED WARRANTIES WITH  
REGARD TO DEFECTIVE RECORDING MEDIA. PLEASE SEE THE  
ELECTRONIC ARTS LIMITED WARRANTY ENCLOSED WITH THE  
PRODUCT.

#### SOFTWARE IS THE SOLE SOFTWARE

MANUAL BY T. J. BLUNT AND MARK HENOLD  
© 1988 ELECTRONIC ARTS

## INTRODUCTION

Heart of Africa is a game of exploration. Watch the screen as you play for information about how to operate the program controls. Refer to this manual for important insights into native customs and language behavior. Use the accompanying map to find important landmarks and locations which the natives may name when giving you directions.

The natives hold the key to your success for the simple reason that they know where the valuable things are buried and you don't. Get them to tell you what they know, and the riches of the hidden tomb will surely be yours.

To save your game, visit the guru in a port city and signed next to the native there, then follow the instructions which will appear. The first time you use this feature, choose the option which lets you format a blank disk for use with the program. You can save up to 10 different games at once on a single data disk. Each time you start a new game, the location of the tomb and other variables is subject to change.

Letter from Fantasy, Pump, Paghorne and Pagen, Solicitors at Law	page 2
Prison's well	page 8
Prison's letter to Pagen	page 8
Prison's unpublished paper on the legend of Alack-Alack	page 10
Prison's African diary	page 11
Appendix: Program operation summary	page 20

Flattery, Flattery, Flattery, and Eagle  
Solicitors at Last

37 Park Avenue

New York, New York

October 10, 1889

Our Most Respected Candidate:

The purpose of this letter is to inform you that you have been named heir apparent to the estate of Mr. Simon Perkins Brown, contingent upon your completion of a certain task. We congratulate you for satisfying the criteria set forth by Mr. Brown as "an economic person" who is in a state of "economic worthiness."

Mr. Brown, late of New York and founder of the Brown Banker Company, apparently perished during an expedition into Africa. We last heard from him in 1887. We appointed our firm to serve as executors for his estate in the event that he did not return.

Our firm's commitments to Mr. Brown include choosing a suitable person to inherit Mr. Brown's vast holdings and making certain that his life's work, "shedding light upon the dark continent," does not perish with Mr. Brown.

You seem to be the suitable person for whom we have searched. You are believed to be intelligent, ambitious, energetic, and on your way to becoming established in the world of commerce. Our research suggests that you feel yourself to be both under-appreciated and under-rewarded in your present situation. Moreover, you are thought to be ignorant of the African continent. Mr. Brown felt quite strongly about this latter criterion.

After his retirement from from business, Mr. Friem's devoted full time to the first hand study of African funeral customs. His aim was to write a book about primitive and ancient funerary methods. It was during this research that Mr. Friem came upon the rumors that led to his final expedition. These rumors pertain to the lost Tomb of Pharaoh Khak Khak (see attached legend of Khak Khak). Mr. Friem believed that the legends of tribal storytellers contained clues regarding the location of the tomb. He was pursuing that belief, journeying from tribe to tribe in search of traces of "the last man" (see attached legend), when we last heard from him.

Friem attempted to involve other exploring groups and his own family in his quest. To this end, he wrote a paper describing the legend of Khak Khak. However, it was never published (or believed). His curiosity grew into an obsession. He believed that if he could locate this tomb, he would uncover the lost secrets of ancient Egypt (including the mummification processes used by Egyptian embalmers to preserve flesh). He would also vindicate his reputation with the so called "experts" who showed no interest in his quest.

He travelled through all regions of Africa, but never found the tomb. His family attempted to have him declared insane and to have his wealth removed from his control. He retaliated by declaring that no member of his family would inherit a penny from his estate (see attached will).

In 1987 he informed us of his intent to return to the "Heart of Africa, where the tomb will be found". We saw was to accompany him so that he might win the trust of the natives who could tell him stories of "the last man's trail". All we have are his notes summarizing his journey up to that point (see attached) and his instructions regarding what to do in the event he did not return.

Here are those instructions as they apply to you:

One: This expedition must be undertaken alone, like both the last man and Mr. Frim. Should the worst happen, our solemn pledge to you is that we will send another person after you and will ask that he give you a proper burial should he locate your earthly remains. That person, of course, will, of course, have succeeded you as heir apparent to Mr. Frim. (We also hope you will be alert to discovering the remains of certain other individuals who have preceded you, including Mr. Frim himself.)

Two: Mr. Frim has stipulated that the expedition must be completed within five years. If you are gone longer, it will be clear that you are hopelessly lost or deceased. Therefore, if we have not heard from you by December, 1933, we will have to send someone else forth, someone who will have first claim on the discoveries and the inheritance. So don't tarry out there... find the tomb and hurry back!

Three: You will find enclosed a check for \$250 for your initial provisions. We realize this is a small amount, and will wire money to you in part cities as you make important discoveries that confirm your "unknown earthiness". This is in accordance with Frim's wishes.

Four: passage has already been booked in your name on the S.S. Arizona Queen, departing Baltimore for Cairo on November 13, 1933. You need only to report to the ship with proof of your identity on or before that date to claim your place on board. Your five year term of opportunity will begin when you arrive, in January, 1938, if all goes well on the voyage over.

We trust that we have judged you correctly and that you will undertake the quest. May good hunting and luck be with you.

We remain your most obedient servants,

Wilfred Frump      *Ronald Platters*  
                                 *Williamby Flapshots*

Wilfred Frump, Esq.  
Ronald Platters, Esq.  
Williamby Flapshots, Esq.  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW

(Should you come across the earthly remains of Mr. Fagin, you need not provide a funeral for our former (widow partner) and expedience was quite unorthodoxed, and he was never eligible for the Prime inheritance. Should you find him alive, we hope that you will use every precaution because he may in fact be somewhat antagonistic towards you. You may tell him for as that he has no business being there and also that he will not find a warm welcome should he wish to return to this office. We are reasonably certain that he has failed thus far to find the tomb. We are also of the opinion that he was in no way "an uncommon man." His greed is--or was--most ordinary.)

Attachments:

Prime's will

Prime's letter to Fagin

Prime's unpublished legend of Khuk Khuk

Prime's notes on Africa (We took the liberty of having them typewritten for your convenience)

Last Will and Testament of  
Hiram Perkins Primm

I, Hiram Perkins Primm, being of sound mind, hereby declare that all my worldly possessions, including my Casket Company, my estate at South Egg (Long Island), my yachts, and my Chase Bank accounts, are to be bequeathed in the manner herein described, at the time of my death.

First, no member of my family, including my wife, Estelle Jenkins Primm, my sons Bernard and Randolph Primm, my daughter Mable Primm Lowell, nor my sister Beatrice Primm Turney will inherit anything whatsoever.

Second, my attorneys are instructed to find an appropriate 'candidate' to carry out my life's work, which has been to shed light on the dark continent. I hope that these attorneys will choose an uncommon person of uncommon worthiness, one who is eager to



seek knowledge and who is willing to share this knowledge with the world.

I have been disappointed in the past by the professional societies who have pretended to have interest in Africa, but who were more interested in making jokes about me. Do not find someone who thinks he knows Africa already. It is far better that the candidate be ignorant but curious.

Lastly, it is my desire that this candidate be given only nominal funds (related to efforts in the heart of Africa) to cover travel expenses until the candidate actually locates the tomb. At that time (no more than five years after setting out) all my possessions would become the candidate's.

Dated this 4th day of February 1986.

Herbert R. Brown (signature)

Melrose Fagin  
Attorney  
New York, New York  
March 21, 1899

My dear Mr. Fagin.

I truly appreciate the personal interest you have shown in my journey, and hence I am writing to you rather than to your strict pastor. I, like so many others, have been too busy to show much interest.

Your letter caught up with me here in Geneva. Your questions reveal a mind that ought to avail itself the opportunity to learn more about ancient death practices. I do have opinions about the expediency of ancient Egyptian embalming fluids, however I will share in my next letter. I'm writing now to let you know that, yes, despite adversity, I am alive and even have news. I am over the track than I have ever been.

I must apologize for this letter's brevity and informality, but today there is neither time nor opportunity to write more than the barest minimum of colored words. I am weary, ill, tired, and running out of supplies, but also absorbed to the point of furor.

I feel that my quest for that book that was finally in reaching fruition. I have just talked to some natives who have renewed my faith in the integrity of legends. They tell a story about a Drakkar who visited them quite many years ago, who had

a very wealthy relative with the same Hindu blood? How  
must he Ahak! Ahak! And they are going to take me where  
they understood him to be buried. It is some distance from here,  
but I have not come this far to be afraid of an additional step.  
Soon my education will close. All school knowledge will be mine.  
The sciences which said to be buried with Ahak! Ahak! is of no  
consequence in comparison.

These actions seem to be for little people. When I think  
of all the people I have asked about Ahak! Ahak! and how  
few have been able to help, I assure you that it is an  
interesting thing to learn something new. These are the  
first positive steps in some time. Mr. Fagan, I wish you  
could be here to share in their enthusiasm for my work.  
They know something and they are going to help!

I am headed into the heart of Africa where the truth will  
be found. I hope to hear good news for you soon. But, as always,  
should I not return, you understand the instructions in my will.  
It is your duty!

Yours in faith,  
Norman Thomas

## LEGEND OF ATEKH ATEKH

by Hiram Parkson Primm

(A summary of my narrative based on my travels in Africa.) Atekh Atekh was Pharaoh of Egypt in the 9th Century B.C. from the time he was seven years old. Clever and ambitious, he became the richest man the world has ever known. He saw the value of being the center in foreign trade. He gained control over the Phoenician trading vessels, caravans, and routes. Very quickly he became fabulously wealthy.

As he aged, he like many before him became less worldly and more concerned about what would happen to his body and possessions when the end came. He found the magicians who had already begun making the pyramids (i.e., the tombs) of his ancestors, despoiling their remains. Rather than any previous pharaoh, Atekh Atekh knew he would need to hide his tomb well if he and his possessions were to escape the fate of his ancestors.

He called together his advisors and told them to discover the most remote part of the world. After much discussion and study they recommended a particular place in Africa. Atekh Atekh immediately made plans to move all of his possessions there in the biggest caravan in human history. (By no reckoning, this occurred some three centuries after Moses led his people.)

Before Atekh Atekh himself died, all who had helped in the move and the tomb construction willingly gave their lives in the service of their pharaoh. One last man was entrusted with (1) making the tomb's only entrance, (2) creating an unfollowable trail out of the area, and (3) killing himself. Thus, there would be no person left living who could ever again find the tomb. Atekh Atekh's bones and treasures would be safe for eternity.

The last man seems to have kept the flow in the plan. He had promised that he would travel far away before he committed suicide. He kept his promise. He traveled for some five years to hide the trail. This very long journey succeeded miserably in creating a difficult trail to follow. But stories about this journey became a part of the legends of many African tribes. Many of these legends are still remembered by the tribal historians, and they contain hints regarding the path the Lost Man followed and thus constitute the makings of a trail back to the tomb.

Notes sent by Mr. Fritze concerning his final venture into the interior.

1. Sirus Perkins Fritze, have passed the following information concerning my journey through Kikile. These accounts should show the development of my theory regarding what Aksh's tomb, as well as other information which I hope will prove useful should it become necessary for someone to follow me. I have divided these necessarily brief descriptions into five sections, each dealing with but one region of this vast continent. Although I usually narrow my examination with only one tribe in each region, the tribe I choose is quite typical for the region as a whole. Thus, you may trust the information on language, cultural practices and religious to apply throughout the region in question.

#### NORTH REGION

I am a month out of Cairo somewhere in the desert. My days were blown away in a storm as I don't have my exact position. The sun's light is now overwhelming. Scorching, burning, relentless. His oppressiveness weakens the spirit even more than the heat. It has been two weeks since I have seen people, and three days since I have replenished my water. I must now follow water carefully. I will sleep in the day and travel in the evening but I have a fear of sandstorms. This land is forever terrifying and like the shifting sands, the people are also forever on the move. Water is the salvation. Where it is available, tribes flourish.

At last, an oasis. The green (even slight) grass is more a drizzle than a real spring, but it is enough. I drink, I wallow, shamelessly shuffling, bounding about, and playing, a child once again in this vast Nile. The desert surrounds this tiny island of moisture, threatening to drown it in a sea of sand, but its life force, like the sun in me, will prevail. A little longer the tight cluster of shrubs and reeds spreads like tiny sprigs, as though they were vying for position to peer into its sunny waters.

At this oasis I met a group of nomads whose ancestors have wandered in this area since the beginning of time. They call this oasis the El Nera Kavemara, "the giver of life." The nomads related some delicious rumors about a forgotten tomb of some Egyptian pharaoh a long, long way from the Nile.

River--a tomb containing enormous quantities of gold. They have no idea where this tomb might be found, only that it is a "long trip from here," though my impression is that it may not actually be a long way away.

I realize the contradiction in what I've just written, but much of what the desert dwellers said made little sense. For instance, when they give directions they seem to name three landmarks. When they say away in their tongue they mean east. The only explanation I have for this phenomenon is that it is similar to the way sailors once spoke. An "east wind" originated in the west rather than blowing towards the east. It did leave something beyond doubt, my silver tailmen do declare. They are eager for gold or diamonds, but these old men seem to have no intention of leaving.

As my rate, I have here a theory about the importance of listening to natives on the question of the location of this tomb. Though their history is not written in books, they do have men who will tell tales as they have been told since ancient times. I have heard that such is also the way the Bible and the Gospels were transmitted originally, which lends support to my theory. I believe that more stories and legends about this pharaoh might still be in existence. I have not learned the Pharaoh's exact name. The men seem to be saying "Wah Wah", as children in America might make a pig sound.

I took the men as far as they faced North for as they say River, saying their evening prayers, as with a part of their life. Their men's blood collectively as I walked across sands which still held the day's heat. They call their men's language, a strange word that seems to remind me of something that I can't quite remember. I am tired of this desert, I will journey Southwest into the savannah regions of West Africa (called Gambia by the men).

#### THE RIVER

The yellow grasslands stretch starkly across the hills and plains, only occasionally settled by lonely Khari camps. Were it not for the small population, the widest world would present the featureless landscape that seems to stretch like some vast paleo desert without end. But no other region in the world supports animals so large in size and abundance as western

The dry, whispering grass of rolling savanna produced a constant whistling sound. Herds of hooved animals, numbering in the millions, roamed over the plains of sav because they eat and flow, as if following unseen currents. If startled, they stampede, and the sound is like distant thunder, or even the rumble of war, as it echoes across the plains. Following these herds always are the hunting carnivores, the huge and vicious cats, cunningly camouflaged to match the grasses in color and texture. trailing the cats at a safe distance are the scavengers, birds and dog-like creatures to whom God has assigned the thankless task of cleaning up after the hunters are done.

The only animal that comes to a traveler on these vast savannas is the forest and savannah escapee along the region's streams and rivers. A surprising number of West African tribes share the savanna zone with the animals. The tribes have arrived late in the timeless reinvention of medieval Europe. While I visited a great many these, I spent the most time among the Hausa, finding their king a source of unending fascination.

"Kaga" won't do his justice. Perhaps "great", "gigantic", or "awesome" come closer to describing this monarch of the land that is their king. It took sixteen men to lift him in his litter, for which he had a great fondness. He loved being carried about, even if he had nowhere to go. The traveling pageantry provided an instant parade, and all the people of the village would stop what they were doing and watch. The sixteen bearers were soon gibbering in awe at their monarch, but they seemed to enjoy the carrying this too of a man through their dusty savanna.

The Hausa are proud of producing an El. They believe that a stomach grows to protect an evil spirit's attempt to enter the body. So that no spirit could reach his aim to enter the king, he feasted constantly. Because of his fat, the surrounding region called the Hausa, "Dagala Bembeta", or land of the fat man.

Feasts begin as readily as parades. I witnessed one that lasted for three weeks, ending only when the king was presented an ivory tusk. The ivory signaled a change in authority, for the king was then helped onto his fat with his wives. Why the tusk is sacred I do not know, but I do know that elephants

were regarded as almost divine, perhaps because of their immense size. They are called "Ti-on Kestones," god's granaries. I believe that had I brought an ivory tusk to the king, it would have angered me to his, perhaps causing him to give me the information I needed without delay. Instead I stayed three months, feasting contentedly, and gaining 22 pounds.

Only once did I see the Bansa carry. A trader showed the king an emerald and received in turn the trader's wealth. They tied him up, put him in a cage and set it adrift in the Niger River (called Badingbo by the natives). I have no idea what became of him, nor why emeralds were thus so easy. I should never get them to discover emeralds, which they called "Kishon". (This is also, interestingly, their word for the direction west. They name the east after "Katala", their word for the wind which blows from that direction.)

The tribal head's stories about the pharaoh's task were at least similar to other legends. He said of us weinid while king who led thousands of "koko" (koko word for people and for the direction north) furnished with treasure through this land. When I asked where the white king (named Sa Qa in their language) went, he answered "Whakheana" (When evidence leads us to believe that this is their word for north).

My leaving was the result of a new hunt and a parade in the city. I walked with the plain to hard Smith, into the jungle region.

#### CENTRAL BASIN

Hot, wet, swampy, green-jungled jungle. Light at its darkest and most forbidding. Dripping moss and mystery from its emerald canopy into its humid shadows, the Congo Basin inspires awe; it is the essence of what Europeans imagine Africa to be. The jungle itself performs its salacious best. Everything is always wet, damp, moist, threatening to mold. Most native life is permanent settlements along the river where the moisture is at its worst. My body has acquired its own sticky slime--a fungus that won't wash off.

Clearings are temporary here, with the jungle's constant encroachment threatening to cover up during night what was clear in the day. Men are never alone trying to overcome its own. Jungle travel without a guide is almost



impossible and through one can encounter great beauty, the thickness of the vegetation and the oppressive humidity and heat make enjoying that beauty quite difficult. Even such an astonishing sight as Iroquois Falls seemed less impressive, thanks to my exhaustion and irritation when I reached them.

Clearly it is folly to leave the river in this region. On one of the few occasions when I crossed the jungle itself, I stumbled into the village of the Mingo. They lived quite a distance from the Negro River which they called "Moggonara", which means "Mother of Mongo".

I immediately attracted a crowd of distinctive people when I arrived. At first I thought they were children but then noticed that none of the inhabitants, child or adult, was over five feet tall. Not though short, they were quite numerous. I brandished my pistol and they kept their distance which was fortunate since I had no intention of actually using the pistol.

They wore silver necklaces and bracelets. I showed them a small gold trinket to ask if they knew where more such things might be found. This act suddenly and surprisingly caused my standing with the natives to plummet. They all shouted something like "Waka-wanka" and rushed me. My gold was taken from me and given to the jungle in a strange ceremony, and I was tied to a post in the village square.

I later learned that according to local legends, all gold belongs to an ill-compensated jungle spirit called Waka-wanka. The strange ceremony was meant to return my gold to its rightful owner. I was tied to the stake for a whole day, finding so many of the region's insects as could crawl onto my skin. Until you have tasted leeches and been unable to scratch a mosquito or a thousand times over, you will not understand the magnitude of my discomfort.

The next day the night doctor, followed by a group of the tribe's men, approached with evil intent, but saw my back turned quickly suddenly for the good. When they stripped off my black shirt, they passed with one at the silver ballroom around my neck. The medicine was stretched a long finger. As though an eye, the wind shifted and blew now from the west, a strange occurrence here. The name, east wind is called Woma and is thought, scared by

the locale: the fact, they come all their directions from it. South is "Right of Fomba", North "Left of Fomba", and West is "Not Fomba" : When this particular Fomba word blew, drums played, rattling began, and I was not free. I graciously accepted my shirt, respectfully declined any further hospitality, and tramped off into the jungle, resolving then to stay on rivers when travelling in the Congo region.

I learned nothing of the Faramak I am pursuing from the Mungu. I would not advise that anyone else ever visit this village, with its over-hungry humans, never-ending food, and fiendish evilness. Perhaps I will find Lower Africa in the South more hospitable...

#### SOUTH REGION

I started down the Kamei River in January, determined to explore Lower Africa after leaving the Great South. I went down to the Kamei River, known in these regions as the Lereima, the weather here is quite cool and the air refreshingly pristine. The whole of the region is on a high plateau from which I can see purple peaks in the distance. The contrast with the steamy jungle which still haunts my dreams is most welcome.

The natives here love feasting and drinking their wine, and their talk is most colorful. They say for instance "Foma is Kotebe", meaning "the wet makes the words," a phrase which stands for all I surmise concerning Vastelle Falls. Every tribe I encountered in this region--the Kete, the Kete and the Kete, who dwell along the Kamei--warned me to avoid the Kete further South, saying "they are crazy men, fierce warriors that rob and pillage." In April I met the Kete.

Even though the very word strikes terror into man's mind, I must report that I found them most hospitable. They call themselves Kete, but are called Kete because that is their war cry. Despite their reputation, I experienced warm, friendly conversations with a good variety of men--even the chief, in fact, it was to him that I listened with fascination as he told of the initiation rites that all of your old boys must undergo to be welcomed into full rights of sacredness within the tribe.

In the first full moon after his 18th birthday, a young man is sent into the bush armed with only a spear. If he returns at the next full moon, without having any contact with the people of the village in the meantime, he is welcomed back from the dead like the holy ancestor anyone expects to be dead and granted his wish. If unable to last the month, he is allowed back, but not as a man worthy to go to war or to marry house girls.

During his month of "death", the young Bulu initiates might travel a great distance to bring back some magical object. These objects are a source of great pride to the Bulu and are kept on display in a special hut. Items made of copper are especially prized, for copper is to them a holy metal believed to give strength to the Bulu warrior. Obviously, there was any object made of ivory, which, I learned, they believed would weaken them.

One young man had returned with a penguin skin. Still another had dragged in a tin foot portion of train rail and a striped, partially burned train engineer's hat. Two skulls from the Indian Ocean, called *tschakapa*, were common. There was also a small statue of an Egyptian cat!

Great quantities of seaweed could be found along the Bulu. When asked they said they came from a place called "Nekende Nishawa." Literally translated, this means "high place in the winter wind." Though I searched diligently to the south, I never found where it was. In this region they came north and south by season—that is, "summer" designated north and "winter", south. East and west, too, respectively, named "rising" and "falling".

After leaving the Bulu I travelled southwest, crossed the Orange River called *tschakapa* by local natives, and reached Capetown to book passage to Swaziland. I now have come to feel that the Bay must be in the East African region.

#### East Swaziland

Each region of Africa wears its own cloak, and none is more crumpled than East Africa. A fifteen hundred mile mountain range cuts through it like a knife blade, leaving the landscape scarred and barren. Towering vertical cliffs jut

as high above the scrub-covered slopes that their people are scarcely glimpsed in vista and stride. The plains below, yellowed by burning vegetation, rocks are small like lakes. Lakes fill the regions north, south and east in highways.

The people are as strange as the land itself, more so than the Negro. Their strangeness is not easy to capture with words. The visitor is first struck by their extraordinary height. (Generally does a mile not exceed seven feet), but their height alone does not explain their peculiarity.

Why does their dress, though it is in truth quite striking. White cotton fastens away above the waist like cat-tailed coats, and loose necklaces gleam on every side. Bright red and yellow robes covering the left side of their body are attached over their right shoulder. Their ear lobes are elongated and decorated with cylindrical beads of metal. Axils and wrists beset with of leather or metal complete their startling attire. European dress is comparatively quite dull. Africans generally and color are painted with a bold band.

Their physique proves to be astonishing. The Negro are each stamped from a mold that produces the lean, brawny and copping manner of the transvaalians. But even this is not sufficient to explain their strangeness. I think it is even a spiritual quality that a physical one. Its essence is expressed in their manner of walking. They walk as if they formerly were dwellers in a another atmosphere and find this world more liquid than their last, and they move with the slow eternal grace of underwater swimmers.

I have a theory about how this strange way of walking might have come to be. The Negro, said, Saka (Mamot), business his wandering on there that came closest to his dwelling. It seems understood if he was the son of empty side to dwell on its fiery edge. For generations the Negro dwelled on the highest mountains in Africa he he came to the sun. It may be there that they developed their peculiar, efficient walk because its efficiency connects oxygen.

The Negro believe the tallest Negro to be Saka Mamot's blood. Young was walking north (and height) will journey north to Gumpene, the tallest mountain in the region (which must be Kilimanjaro, the tallest mountain in Africa). They take only a rope, which I have myself have found to speed

~~mountain~~ ~~hills~~ ~~mountain~~ and climb to the top. Frequently perched on a rocky summit, they take tea, the lord of the rising sun, where they wait with ~~unconsciousness~~ until this blessed has entered Karaka, land of the setting sun.

The mountains serve other purposes as well. Troubled warriors are told, "Look ye Kala Debasan." I was given this advice by a mountain man, whom I had asked about the many mountains told in such respect by the Hama, but at the time I neither understood it, nor knew where to look. Here as I write these notes I am far from the mountains, without dogs or sheep, and as running from peace.

Many young men of surrounding tribes adopt the Hama way of dress, such as fashions in hair held apart across the top, for the Hama are the most admired culture in the region. Elsewhere, all tribes in this region are listed as highway, face the elegant Hama, carry their dead on scaffolds (perhaps to start them on their journey to Kala Debasan), wear ~~earrings~~, and enjoy market beggling.

The natives of this region have no suspicion either in respect as to the design on my copper bracelet. After showing it to a chief I was handed out of town with a stamping of feet and a shaking of spears. I kept that bracelet in my baggage for the rest of my journey to East Africa.

The pink flamingoes are sacred to many tribes here because of their bright ability to survive while drinking the waters of the poisonous alkaline lake. Called ~~shook~~, they live in flocks over a million. At dawn when the flock rises to feed, their brilliant color shines in the morning sun like a pink silk sheet blowing slowly across the lake. It is as if the river has seen pink land rise, and take flight, when the eastern breeze, called Chali, sweeps these into action each morning. Thus, such is "Chali" and such is "with Chali." Their other cardinal directions are named but quite that live at the ends of the earth: Heiko Shoko at the north and Heikono at the south.

I have been unable to learn a thing about Shok Shok at the last end among the tribes here. I am going back to Hama, to collect and to set my ~~stick~~ in order before beginning my search now.

## Appendix: Operating the Program

Use the keypad to move about, press the buttons when you're standing still to start control to the floor (up to the left of the exploration window). As you use the stick to move the highlight among the icons, the name of the highlighted icon will appear below the icons. Press the button to select the highlighted icon. If with more options are offered, you can use the stick to move the highlight and press the button to select the highlight and option.

The diary icon lets you page through your diary to review the stories you get from the various sticks. The map icon lets you see what you've explored so far in the region. It also provides a map of any day in village you're at (provided you've gotten a map to give you your bearings there). Pictures give you things when you give them things. For each transaction, simply stand next to a person or his bag to learn what he will sell. Then stand over each commodity and press the button to buy. Watch the screen for information about prices. (In some there is one merchant who will buy valuable commodities as well as sell them. Native chiefs can tell you where the valuable commodities are found, if you bring them what they want.)

The options icon offers three choices. First let you check on your location and abilities. (Do not hesitate to ask "where am I" often if you're having trouble finding your way around.) The shield lets you drop things off to store in a cache (which will be marked with an X on the map). Most of the time you'll find whatever you left where you stored it in a cache.

The hand icon lets you select what you have in your hand and it lets you see items on your back (like maps and medicines). What you have in your hand affects how the natives are around you, like will you store in various screens, whether you can find healers, etc.

Two warnings: If you become delirious, your joystick control will become uncertain, it will take painkillers to select an option that will restore your senses. And if you become drunk for awhile (even you lose sight of civilized distinctions between right and wrong, be prepared to suffer the consequences).

Go to a junk or a pottery to give your gold as you can recover it later. If you don't have a disk formatted by the program, for use as a disk disk, you can choose the format option at that time. To save a game on your formatted disk, follow the screen prompts to type one of the digits 1 through 9. You can save up to 10 different games on the same disk disk in the same area, one for each of the 10 digits. To resume a saved game, type its digit when prompted to do so when you start the program again.

## **Paths & Uses**

Gifts - for trading with natives

Markets - to sell goods

Fields - for growing or harvesting natives

Markets - for defense or trading in jungle

Wells - for drilled defense

Shovel - for digging up buried items

Caravan - always filled with water for crossing deserts

Map - for finding locations

Map - of entire continent for guides

Food - you need it to survive

Goods - for trading on ships but don't overuse them

## **Other Things & Purposes**

Money - for buying supplies

The Printed Map - because native descriptions are not a language in English

Cham - if you give the right gifts to the chief of a village

he may give you clues to the location of Arish Arish's terrible

thunder - if you give a native a gift by getting a gift in

your hand it then turning into one he will give you a

"beating" map. Data represented buildings & important

buildings you can also look different than the rest.

## **Types of Buildings & Their Purposes**

Stone (pink & stone) - for markets, shops, gifts

Wood (brown, pinkish red, pinkish red) - for houses, food

Wood (red red, stone) - for stone maps, caravans

Wood - for black, pinkish red, stone - for gold, markets, other

Gold's for (slightly bigger, one, sometimes on top) - for ships

Gold (TMA) on top - for ships, gold, for ships

Time/Agent (lighting bolt) - to destroy things from any one point to another

Money (x, yellow) - for buying and selling precious metals and jewels







ELECTRONIC ARTS™

10000 Corporate Drive, Redwood City, CA 94061 (415) 961-1000